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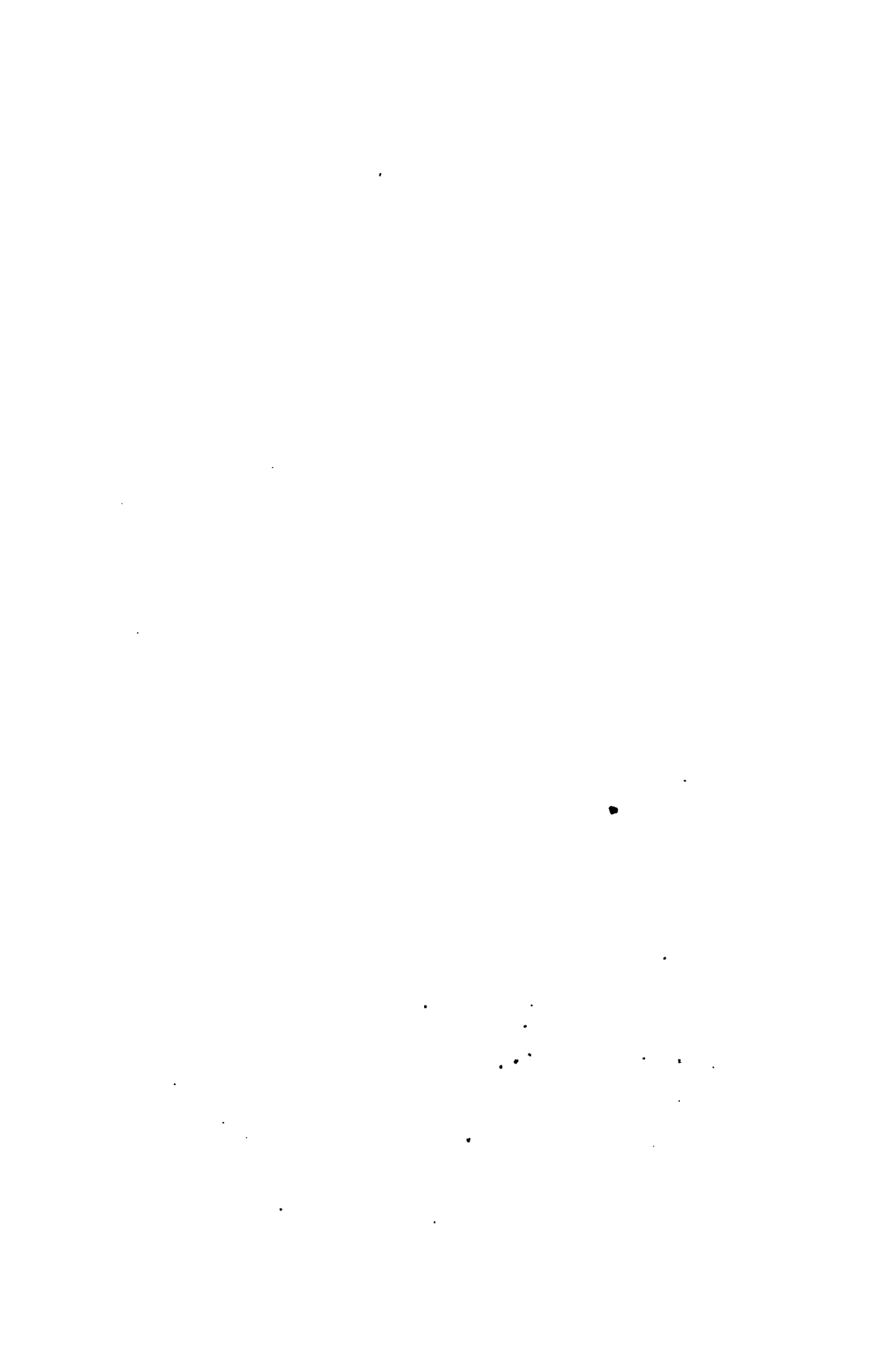
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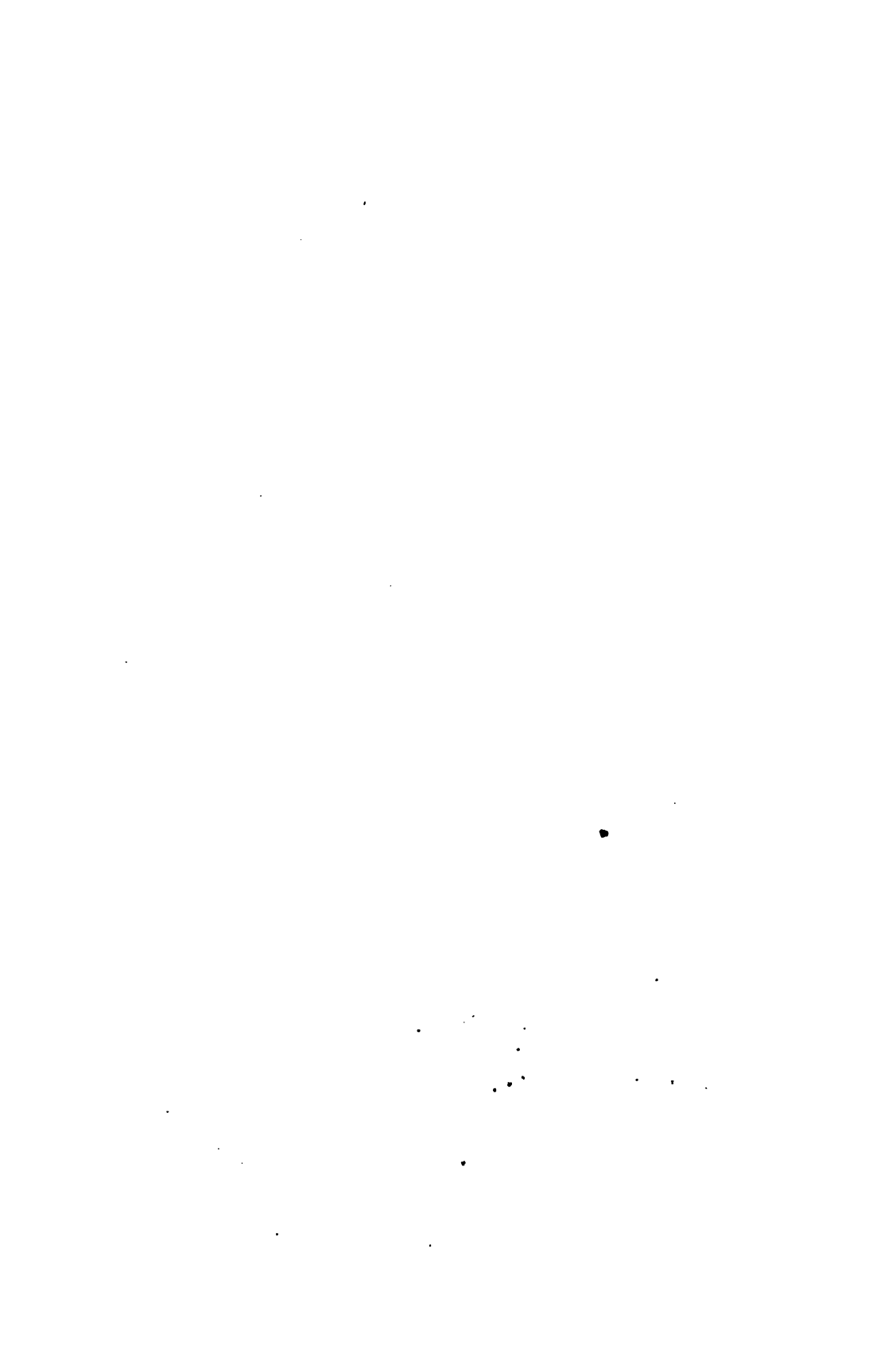
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ANDOVER:
PRINTED BY JOHN KING,
HIGH STREET.

HOURS OF REVERIE:

OR,

THE MUSINGS OF A SOLITAIRE.

By **Louisa M. R. Coutier,**

Authoress of La Montagne de St. Lié.

The world's no neuter ! it will wound, or save ;
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, the world well known will make a man ;
The world, well known, will give our hearts to Heaven,
Or make us demons, long before we die.

Young.

L O N D O N :

WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND ARNOT,

AVE MARIA LANE.

1832.

426.

HOUBT OF STYRIA

THE HISTORY OF A SOCIETY

AND THE HISTORY OF A SOCIETY



THE HISTORY OF A SOCIETY

THE HISTORY OF A SOCIETY

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HOURS OF REVERIE.



b

HOURS OF REVERIE.

THE following lines were written in those hours that, more or less, occur in every one's career; when we sit down unconscious of all around, and the soul seems at once swollen with the eventful past, the gliding present, and, immense but mysterious, futurity,—when, in its lone chambers, the heart reviews its

loves, its hopes, its fears. Or else, forgetful of its petty interests and the noise of this busy world, it soars into pride at the consciousness of its own immortality. At last, I sought to express those dreaming, wandering thoughts, that haunt our sleepless pillow, when the restless waves of society are sunk into rest, and the mighty sea of humanity is still and quiet as a dormant lake; the winds of time and death, alone gliding in silence from pole to pole. I am fully aware that diffusedness and want of plan, may be a reproach added to the many, that I fear the essay of so youth-

ful an authoress as myself, may be likely to deserve; but I never intended any other than to represent the workings of the mind in its moments of reverie, at that period in life in which it awakens from the extacy of its first dreams. Used as I have been, to express my ideas and feelings in a foreign language, I must beg indulgence for those thoughts which are not clad so well as my desire would they were; for words are the vestments of our imaginations, and the french saying "*on vous juge sur la mise,*" may, very often be applied to the sounds in which we

we clothe the airy visions of our brain.

There is a magic in a certain choice of words, that, like a beautiful and tasteful garment, can render an indifferent figure agreeable; and often, when I am writing in my native tongue, I am sorry to avow, I find the wardrobe of my mind sadly deficient in elegant clothing. However, as in time I hope it will contain a better store, and that after all, "*l'habit ne fait pas l'homme*;" I will hope that the reader in kindness may find some of the following thoughts promising enough to invite him to believe, that, on a future day,

**some of their brotherhood may be worthy
of an hour's converse in his sanctu-
ary.**

HOURS OF REVERIE.



PART I.

HOURS OF REVERIE.

PART I.

STILL, still I think : but now, thought is no more
A fev'rish agony as in the past ;
Yet 'tis not calm, nor peace, that's in my breast :
'Tis a quiet.—The storm of passion 's o'er,
And my slight skiff, would forward little
If thy sail, O life ! were not ever swell'n
By time's keen breeze. Well, on I slowly go ;
But naught of joy, nor care, doth aid my bark :

The winds are hush'd that toss'd it to and fro,
Existence ! on thine ever restless waves ;
Those fears are still'd the tempest could arise,
Those joys are tomb'd that smiling skies bid live.
Well, be it so.—Perchance, thus it should be !—
In thought I've widely err'd, though ne'er in deed,
And many a perturb'd dream I've hidden 'neath
A placid brow. To think, to ever think !
To let wild fancy roam with loosen'd rein,
O ! 'tis akin to madness ! and destroys
The bosom's rest ; for, to the mind's disease
Do not succeed convalescence and health.
To one degree of feeling and of thought
The mind's elasticity can extend ;
Beyond that stretch, but dare to more expand,
'Twill lose the power to recoil, and stay

Motionless ! dead !—or, by one effort more,
Be rent asunder. This, I deem, is not
A daily thing ; for, men do, and should, live
In action, not in dreams. But solitude,
O solitude ! can fan the ardent fire of thought
To an incendious blaze !—The hours,
That pass unheeded by the reckless throng,
Do waft their pinions by the lonely brow,
And kindle there a multitude of things
Unutterable !—In loneliness I've dwelt,
May be, too much ;—my bosom has recoil'd
On its own self, and gnaw'd its own delights
For want of other food. I've felt, O felt !
Remembrance of the past 's a mazy wild :
Twas more, much more, perchance, than ought
to 've dwelt
Within a maiden's breast ; it was a rush

Of daring thought, that overflow'd my mind,
A something in mine inward self, too restless,
Too powerful. None but myself, may think
It aptly term'd as such ; except they weigh'd
In balance with a woman's strength, and, true,
One plume 'gainst that may have the pow'r to sway
The balance down. That changeth naught: the ant
Laden with one grain of sand, toils equal
To the camel that bears his heavy load,
With patient limb, o'er Sahara's wide waste.
From our own pow'rs we measure all around,
Th' extent of thought we limit to the flight
Of our own minds. Well, I have felt as much
As could be felt, beneath a girlish brow ;
And to the inward storm a calm succeeds,
A calm, more wretched than the bitterest wee.

I could not feel again as I have felt,
Nor could I think as I have thought ;—the lute,
The inward bosom's lute of melody,
Can sound no more : though, as Eolian harp,
It would once thrill with Zephyr's slightest sigh :
A cold blast blew, it rent the tenderest cords,
And every flower that grew in fancy's haunts,
Droop'd and decay'd ; all through the northern foe.

Experience ! are thy lessons those ? O ! say,
Art thou the blighter of all human joys,
The murderer of our dreams of bliss ?—Away !
But through the fantastic, nebulous veil,
That floats between th' azure of Heaven's arch
And Britain's verdant hills, I see thy smile
Contemptuous. Among th' Olympic tribe

Thy silver tresses flow ; Minerva's gaze
Is fixed upon thy deeply furrow'd cheek,
And all thy votaries are bent around
Aged and hoary as their Deity.
Time leads all mortals to thy shrine, but youth
Receives a frown if daring to appear
An initiated in thy mysteries. No,
But little am I taught ; if years alone
Can interpret thy will, I know thee not.
Well, it may be : many a future woe,
Perchance thou 'st writ in Destiny's great book,
And, when that page is turn'd and read by Time
From th' immense Lexicon, then, I shall know
All thou canst tell.

But why thus play with thoughts ?

'Tis vanity !—and so is all below.

The wisdom of experience is not wrought

Upon my brow,—but its decrepitude

Has stolen into my heart !—enough of this.

The blue waves curl, and ripple on the shore,

The winds are hush'd and slumber in their cave.

Still as my breast. 'Tis twilight's loved hour,

The hour of reverie and solemn thought,

The hour when chaunted prayer, in mystic flight,

Seems best to soar above ; 'tis mystery

And all night's eloquence a stealing forth.

If I could be the happy thing I was,

If fancy wreath'd around my careless brow,

Her flowery crown of visionary bliss ;

'Twould be to me the hour of gentle musing,
The hour when earth and heaven's hopes,
Would blend within my soul's retreat, and join
In mute embrace, in harmony divine,
The heart's spiritual voluptuousness.

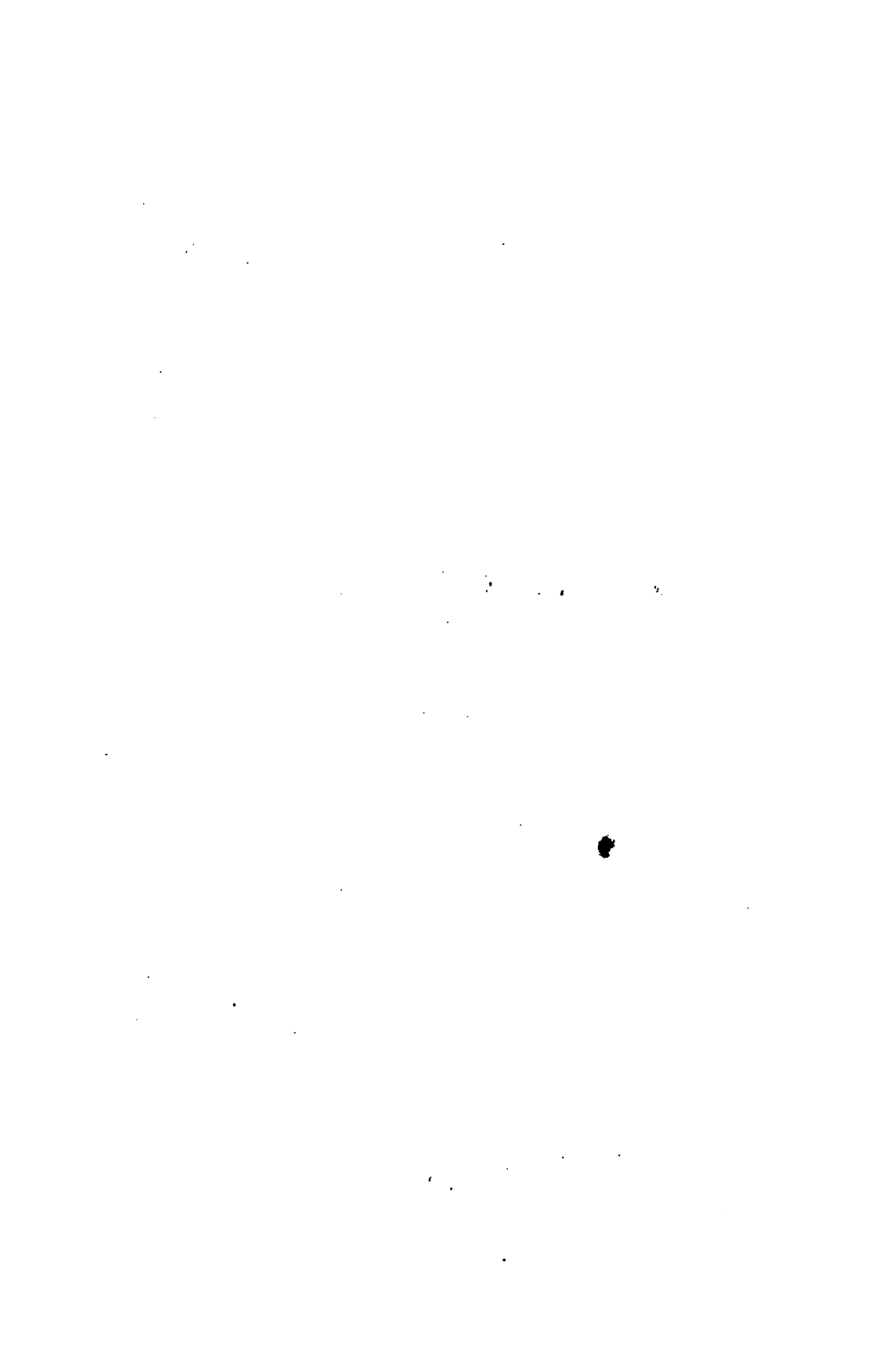
Still, it's the dreaming season of my soul,
Her hour of sombre flight to other realms
Than this our turning sphere. On dusky wing
She seeks the haunts of peace—the soft, the sweet,
The beautiful !—but, though she rise so far
In th' extent of immensity to see
This globe a speck among a numerous host
Of fairer orbs ; still, as Prometheus chained
Unto the rock, she 's bound unto this globe,
By links that pain and time 'tis true may wear,

**But naught but death can sever. Bound! fettered !
And; th' ever ravenous vulture thought, O thought !
Gnawing away.**

HOURS OF REVERIE.



PART II.



HOURS OF REVERIE.

PART II.

**THE dawn of day is beautiful. I've slept :
And though the coming hours, will pass away
In solitude and wandering thought the same,
Yet the pure breath of morn, seems as a breeze
That cools my feverish brow. Another day !
To some a joy, to thousands misery !
Many with its new light are born below,
And many with the flying shades of night**

Have also flown : their pilgrimage is o'er,
Peace be their lot. How many days have been,
That dawned thus lovely from the glowing east,
Ended in storms ! how many human hopes,
As promisingly fair, ended the same !
Such is the course of life's e'er running stream,
So, let us on !—it flows towards the sea,
The wide, wide sea of death.—'Tis vanity
To wail the selfish woes of one lone heart,
When nations fall, and kingdoms crush to nought,
As ant-hills in Destiny's path ! no more !
Yet how oft have I prayed, and deemed the one,
The ever great, the ever bounteous one,
Had heard my prayer ; how oft, with fervent clasp
I've raised to Heaven my supplicating hands,
And felt my bosom's grief wax into peace,

As if my soul had flown and nestled in
Her Saviour's breast. What, if unheeded fall
Myriads at once?—What, if their numerous cries
With the Great Ruling Power, could naught avail?
What is to him an orphan's bosom's woe?
What careth he for aught that I can feel?
No, no; such thoughts as these are near akin
To dark despair; such generalities
Destroy all hope within the human breast,
And would arise, believ'd and dwelt upon,
Contempt of our ourselves within our hearts.

My mind is weary, and from thence it errs :
I will not think.—'Twould be the same to say,
The brook shall cease to flow, or the green wave
Shall ebb no more ! and that would be more true,

For wond'rous things on matter time has wrought,
But thought, immortal thought, outlives the stars!
And the soul, when *worlds* are in oblivion
Will not have ceased to be. Then, what is death?
'Tis more than daring to demand, but yet,
Who has not queried of his inward self?
But deeper question far, O what is life?
How came a spark of pure divinity
Rob'd in the corrupt clay? How came the soul,
Exil'd from her native skies, a captive here?
'Tis vain to ask. But death is the return,
The homeward flight of spirit to its skies,
The day of joy and liberty. And yet,
Although this is the true christian's belief,
In christian climes the day of death is feared,
And termed by all the terrible. If slaves

That languish'd under painful bondage said,
How fearful to be free!—How terrible,
The day of ransom and of liberty!
'Twould sound like madmen's talk. And what,
What are we all but mad? Have I not read
And convers'd with the wise? And what were they?
But madder than the rest. Wisdom, folly,
And madness in the rear! How many words
Sounding as if some import they contain'd
When vanity alone, contains a truth.
Vanity! where is the man who knows her not?
Where is the heart untainted by her smiles?
The soul too proud, before her shrine to bend?
'Tis more than vain to ask. And, what am I?
(How selfish are we all!) because the world,
Was not that beaming sphere that I had deem'd

Because my dreams are fled, my brain is got
To be the thing it is : there 's the quick throb,
The pulse of life ; but, the fearless, joyless,
And reckless quietude of death. But, stay
Thought, thought thy falcon wings, are not so fleet
As were the hopes in babyhood I fed :
They flew above, thou would'st, but can'st not soar,
Thou 'rt cloged with mud, with world-like feelings
blind.

('Tis wretchedness, and more than wretchedness,
To view th' extent of our own bosom's folly !)

If I could pray, I would : 'tis sweet to pray !
To hope !—Ah ! I've often prayed, and once
My bosom was not wont to muse, as now,
In sullenness and dark despair. I lived,

I hoped, I loved ; and thought that love could be
Something like bliss. A gloomy cloud, perchance,
Would cross my brow : what blew it, I knew not,
But, from the dawn of life, 't would drift itself
Athwart my mind, and veil awhile my soul
With sadness. But that was transient—music,
Or a beaming smile, could e'er dispel
This passing hour of thought. I loved——'t was
not

As many love—perchance, it was not love :
'Twas but a dream, a something, to employ
My ardent mind. The fancies of my brain,
Hover'd as mystic cherubs round his head ;
And decked his brow with manly thought, and all
That sits most graceful on a manly brow.
'Twas within my bosom's oratory,

A secret, self-erected shrine. But now,
At thought of that, with self-scorn curls my lip :
The goblet of illusion when 'tis quaffed,
Can ne'er again be filled ; bitterness, woe,
Succeed ; when its intoxicating power,
Deludes no more ; and the few transient joys
That in futurity were stored, e'er born,
Are blighted. Man is such, so enamour'd
Of his own knowledge of his own portraits,
That, when conviction of their dissemblance,
At last on him is forced, we either turn
With hatred from the truth, or from ourselves
With scorn, at our own blindness.—But, I think,
And time's fleet wings do tarry not.

The sun,

With radiant beams, has risen o'er yon sea ;
And on its breast he views his glorious disk,
As in a mirror shine : the waves arise
And fall, as if they bowed in homage to the God
Whose bright rays dance upon their humid brow,
In playful phantasies.—Ebb thus for e'er,
And e'er as beautiful may earth roll round,
And find thee glowing orb : for on the waves,
And on thy breast of fire, a tale is writ
In heaven's tongue ! the great ! the universal !
The eloquent ! embodied thoughts of God !
An hour has passed, since, from the east I marked
The sable veil of night wafting away :
An hour ! on the still dial 't has traced its course,
By shade ; and in th' ingenious mechanism

**"T has ticked away :—reflection's hour has traced
Its shade athwart my breast, and one hour more
My heart has throbbed and ticked towards the grave !**

HOURS OF REVERIE.



PART III.



HOURS OF REVERIE.

PART III.

**Again in loneliness, and yet, some joy
I've felt to-day : the heavens were not cloudless,
But the winds blew with all their eloquence ;
And, in their wild capricious mood, they drove
The vapoury giants on : and some did seem
Like vessels floating through the air, and some
Like chariots by winged coursiers drawn ; others
Formed columns in the blue expanse ; their hues**

So beautiful ! so magnificent, grand,
Their shape, they seemed the porticos to heaven.
My wandering steps did lead me near the shore
I thought,—I gazed,—and, as I looked and looked
On the wide sea, and more extensive skies,
A glow of heaven stole softly in my breast :
'Twas love, and more than love, for one above.
And eagerly, I climbed on the steep brow
Of yon lone rock, as if from thence my prayer,
Could easier wing its self to God. I prayed
'Twas not distinctly utter'd prayer, but all
The sorrows of my mind, did pour themselves
With love and trust into my Saviour's breast.
The cold rock seemed a bosom friend, the winds
And all the ebbing waves did seem to join,
And send with me their sighs to the Great Power.

Such moments are divine ; they pay for years
Of care : but, like the joys that here are given,
They 're transient beams, the stars of memory's
 scenes
In life's dark night.

Oh heavens ! that I could brace
My mind anew ! if I could replenish
The lamp, that softly shed its brilliancy
Within my bosom's cell, the lamp of joy !
The lamp of hope !—Thus I thought, while seated
On the rock's projecting arm, thus I thought :
And, from my soul's recesses rose, a voice
That said, such things could be, if I were not
Unworthy of my native land.—It said,—
The Cicero of my breast it seemed,—the lamp

That shone within thy mind, was fed with oil,
That must consume ; each drop long has been gone,
And long, the fire for want of food, been quenched :
When joys bright beam is fed by worldly smiles,
And hope, the castle of her happiness
Does build on affections below, alas !
The one, by famine, soon will cease to be ;
And, in their basis mined, hope's projects will,
Soon form a pile of ruins. 'Tis a sad truth ;
A truth by millions known ; and in thy heart
'T has mared each moments thought, and made
thy mind
A wild ferocious feeder on itself. Voracious e'er,
Perchance it was, and hunger'd for some food,
To better quell its eagerness, than that
The usual course of worldly things could give ;

And, a wild ranger in chimera's realms
It did become : and now, in the dark depths,
Despondant thou dost err, where sits despair
Attired in her garb of gloom : Oh ! dost know,
The only star that twinkles in her den ;
Dost know, from whence the only beam of hope
That shines in that foul night does rise ? Behold !
Her gleaming dagger 's by her side ! Ah ! true,
'Tis brilliant as a star, and shines like hope.
And, *did I say it ?* Oh my soul ! awake ;
Awake, and think of home ! of heaven ! of God !

I thought upon it ; thought, until my brow
Throbed quick ; and, burned as fire beneath my
touch.

Ah ! conscience is a great, a wonderful

Philosopher. Conscience tells fluent tales,
She 's like a sun that shines within the heart,
And illumines the most hidden recess.
She 's shown me many a truth : I love my God,
But enthusiasm, is not religion :
Enthusiasm 's a feverish, hectic glow,
That clothes the mind with an unhealthy hue,
And leaves it pallid and worn, as the cheek
Where late disease has dwelt. But Religion,
Oh she 's beautifully mild ! Oh ! she 's e'er,
Beaming, refulgent, as the moon of life,
For ever great and eloquent, yet soft
And placid on her throne of light, Ah ! once,
Her heavenly mildness seemed within my heart,
In each picture of earlier age, her eye
Sheds all the brilliant sweetness of its ray,

On every tint that forms the coloured scene.

But now, I've lived, I've felt, I've thought, and
erred ;

I've sought for wisdom in the learned page,

And only found—the poisonous monster doubt !

Oh ! how the reptile fiend has reared his crest,

And, with his subtle fluency, destroyed

Each dawning joy. Oh ! how my feverish head,

With all its wild and restless power of thought,

Has longed to stay its course, and rest again,

With all the calm of infancy, the trust,

The confidence of hope. The sleepless hours

Beguil'd by hymns, hasten the tardy morn ;

But the still nights in meditation passed,

Without th' idea that angels watch around,

Are hours of joyless length ; and lead-like weigh

As cold death on the heart. But, these have been
Distempers in my mind: belief has dosed
But never ceased to be. 'Twas well among
The many things that live, and wreck of naught
But sensual joys or woes; to die for them,
Is losing all: but, e'en when music's sounds
Have wafted by, and every human pleasure seemed
Center'd within th' illumin'd hall; a cloud,
Dark as if storms had joined in rendezvous
In its wide flank, has floated 'twixt my gaze
And the gay scene:—and, many a bitter smile,
I've smiled to mock their void grimace, and seem
Happy as they; when, in my bosom's core,
A dreary, flowerless waste, life did appear.

But this is past, why should I think it o'er?

The tempest breath availeth naught to raise,
From ashes cold, the dancing flame of fire :
Perchance, as time, ne'er wearid, urge his steed,
And weeping morn, has spangled o'er the earth
Through the revolving year with crystal tears,
A flower may grow, and verdant turf bedeck
The ash-heap o'er : and heavenly dews, with moist
May fertilize e'en th' ash-heap of the mind.
All that has past, is past : round ruin'd towers
Th' ivy branch can veil the darken'd stone,
And seam o'er the cleft wall : the whole scene, true,
Is not the scene that was : but 't is a scene !
I'll cease to weary every hour with dreams,
I'll pray as when I prayed this morn,
Those sullen moods that haunt my soul, shall cease ;
A something, said it from mine inward self.

Oh ! for the fluent strength of solitude,
To raise t' immortal worlds the spirit's soar !
There 's love within the vital throb and hope,
But 'tis that love and hope that ne'er can bloom,
When rooted in terrestrial mould. The love
That swells man's breast so high, the wandering
wish

Of something purer, greater, lovelier,
Than aught he finds below, betrays the exile
From heavenly shores. There breathes an immense
power

Of longing anxiety, a wish of change
Haunting each breast, that none but God, can quell :
Yet though he 'lures by every thing that 's great,
We try of all, before we try of him ;
Ambition, love, each passion in its turn,

'Till found deficient, forms the mark of hope ;
All seems a polar star, till compass found
It turns away, and points the heavenly guide.
But, Oh! though it shines bright, the waves rush by,
The roaring winds swell high the tide of life,
And man must be the restless thing man is,
While passions wild, gush through his breast and
 burst
Each dam by reason placed. 'T avaleth naught
To think and dream, 't anatomize my heart,
And count its throbs like this.—The day has passed,
And o'er yon hills, behold, the travellers rest,
The mighty travellers by God's orders called,
From ocean's deep! as weary of their course,
Reclin'd, they're pillow'd on earth's mossy hills
As on a couch, while spirits curtain round

The blending, purple, mist of eve. The sun
Still lingers on their glorious forms, and hushed
The wayward children of the air, the winds,
Capricious powers ! who with yon giants dealt,
As earthly tyrants deal with human toys.
And, lo ! there shines eve's solitary star,
The herald of its glorious brotherhood !
Oh God ! my heart is full ; the memories of
Earth's joyful beauties, crowd within my soul ;
The memories of man's agitated breast,
His dreams divine, his perturb'd, maddening dreams,
His greatness and his littleness, all crowd
With tumult, in my kindling thought. I fain
Would paint a magnificent scene ; but droops
My pencil ; and 'mid the gorgeous colours
Display'd on fancy's palette, there are none

That suit mine inward thought.

Time sweeps away,

Ay, omnipotent time ! I am alone,

The night is silent as the grave, the stars

In crowded lustre spangle o'er the sky,

And all seems great with mystery and God !

Oh heavens ! alone ! alone !—th' echo repeats,

And all again is hushed in sable calm ;

Calm so powerful t' harangue to my soul !

Calm, that, to my listening ear, has had voice,

Eloquent as the thunder's roll, yet calm

So breathless, that my beating heart, has seemed

A loud disturbance in its noiseless reign.

And thousands sleep, and hundreds gaze, as me,

On thy pale brow so pensively divine,

Queen of the night, so radiantly soft
Thy beams fall on mine eye, I feel 't has power
To lull my wayward brain to sweet repose.
The long tombed phantoms of my mind, arise
And glide through memory by thy silver light ;
True, they 're as spectres mocking life ; but, yet,
There 's melancholy pleasure in the sight.
And e'en a thought of thee, though not that thought
Empassionately fond as it has been,
Will cross my bosom's cell : and what thou wert
And what thou 'rt now to me, seems all a dream.
I see thee with thy noble brow, I see
The lofty carriage of thy head, thy look,
With all its power to scan through every mind,
I see thy features proud contour, all, all,
Oh ! not thyself, but my chimera, see

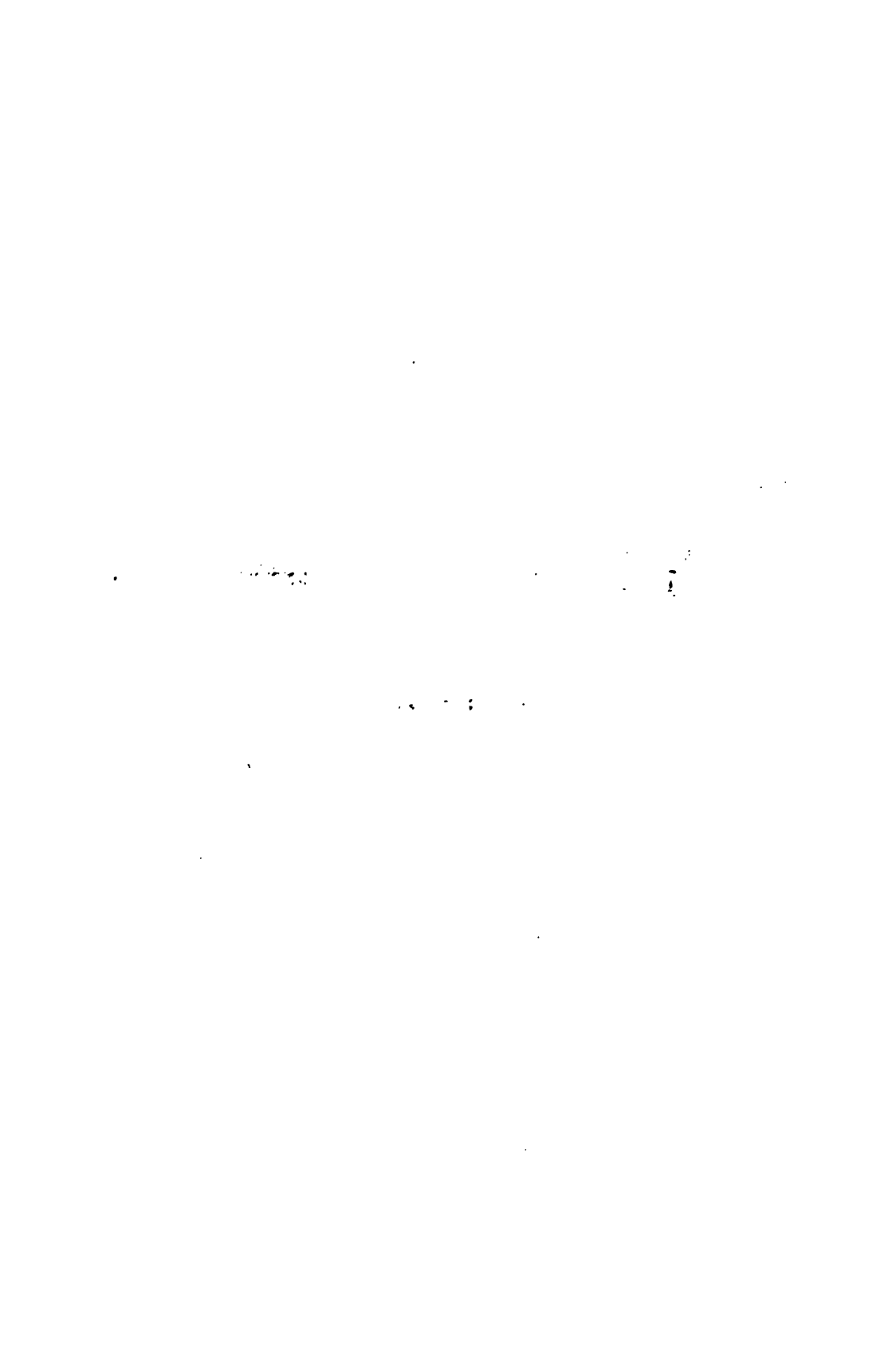
Such as it once dwelled hallow'd in my thoughts.

The sadness of my mind, as gloomy night
Slow waxing into dawn, is mellow'd now
To melancholy's crepuscle. High ! great !
Fathomlessly so ! is th^e extended sky,
Bended, in magnificent grandeur, o'er
The silent deep !——Th' immensity of space
Has not a sound, the spirit not a word,
Yet, 'tis the hour that God, Eternity,
The Soul, (ay, e'en that soul that dwells in man !)
Do correspond, through the wide realms of void,
With eloquence, so loud, the mind's ear stuned
Is struck with awe !——Hark ! that sighless quiet,
Has it not speech well chosen by a God ?

HOURS OF REVERIE.



PART IV.



HOURS OF REVERIE.

PART IV.

I 've scarce a word to etch my fleeting thoughts ;
They pass, they pass, and, ere I seize their form,
They 're gone, and memory could but ill retain
The myriads that succeed, as fleet as they.
Incoherent and restless, o'er the world
And heavens immensity they wing their course.
The feelings of a mortal's breast, feelings,
Keen, watchful, as quick penetration's eye,

Alive to slightest smile or frown, are here ;
And, yet, there 's settled calm and pride, that
 scorns

To mark, or care for aught that comes from man,

Oh powers divine ! the storms without, within,
That rack the heart ! is it a weary dream ;
The fancies of a feverish head alone,
Or, do they dwell within the human breast ?
I 've felt a look, as pointed dagger, pierce
My very soul ! a careless word has been
The subject of some hour's of woe, when none
Have deemed what it to me contain'd. I 've felt,
With lightening swiftness, every drop of blood
Rush from my cheek and centre in my heart,
Yet ne'er gave utterance to the slightest sigh ;

And, though my lip has trembled and turned pale,
It only curled and settled into rest.

And I have sat by him I loved, and felt
That I could die, with joy, for him, and yet
I've stilled each throb that could my heart betray,
And seemed indifferent, e'en more to him

Than aught besides. I've fled the path he chose,
I've smiled when he has bid adieu, and hid,
Oh! not through falsehood, but through dauntless
pride,

I've hid the chains that bound my soul. *My soul!*
Oh! 't has a bitter power to scorn itself;
Oppress'd beneath the combats in my breast,
I've sunk upon my sleepless couch, my brow
Has burned, and every feverish pulse has beat
With hasten'd pace; yet 'mong the wrangling
powers,

A power has risen, and, contemptuous smiled ;
Ay, that within my very self, 't has smiled
The smile of scorn, upon my bosom's woe.
Oh ! to feel slave to passions we despise,
Yet not feel strength to bid those passions cease ;
'Tis wretchedness, beyond the reach of words.
Yet, Wisdom, I have sought thee with the hope
To woo thee to my mind's retreat, I 've raised
The daring wish to heaven ;—Heaven ! who per-
chance,
Ne'er made thee for a mortal's gift !——I 've fled
The land, the skies, where passed my youthful
dreams ;—
The dark blue wave, heaved high its glossy breast,
And with that sigh it bore me from the shore ;
'Twas but one float, yet 'twixt me and the shore,

That only ebb had placed a gulph ! and now
The noisy billows, roll their snowy foam,
And roaring storms, unheard by either land,
Can burst and fall o'er realms that lie between !
And, here, in solitary thought, I ride
The fleeting steed of time unto the grave ;
We go with quicken'd pace, for sharp the spur
That stimulates my life away !—On ! on !
Thought is as restless as the tossing waves
Thought furrows, in a day, the brow that Time
Can furrow but with years. And, I have thought,
Thought, till my burning brain throbed wild and
fast,
Till daring fancy stayed, panting and spent
In her vagabond flight, as some coursier,
No rein, no curb, can arrest in his course,

At last, o'ercome, falls breathless to the ground.

Well, the the lesson's great. Away, search on,
Search, till the limit 's found, and then, Oh then !
The bonds of clay that stay the maddening mind,
Will tell aloud of thy presumptuous tale,
And make thee feel, the chain-bound slave thou
art ;

Return and bow before thy master's throne,
He will forgive, forget ; sweet liberty
Is surely promis'd on a future day ;
Liberty in those realms where all is great,
Where all is pure, glory, love, eternal !
Go round and round again th' extended tract
Allotted for the mind's career, to that
We still return : that thought, the drooping mind

Elates with heavenly bliss : 'tis a bright beam
That gilds alike futurity for kings
And for the simplest of the peasant tribe.
'T will ease the burthen of a weighty crown,
'T will lighten every manual toil, and smile
In misery's meanest garb. And, that alone,
Can sooth the bosom's aching void, can fill
The longing, restless breast of man with that
Worthy and vast enough for all its powers.
Oh crazy mind ! when such thy future hope,
When such the promise, not of man but God !
Why droop dejected under worldly cares ?

But inconsistent as the wildest dream,
Is that strange, rambling being, man : yet man,
'Mong all the works th' unfathom'd e'er perform'd,

Still, as the glorious fantasy of one,
Great, far beyond conjecture's flight, stands high
Upon creation's pedestal : the crown,
The noblest, last, of heaven's embodied thoughts.
Oh ! see him with his lofty brow uprais'd,
As well besorts the dreams that lurk beneath,
Behold the radiance of the eye, there seems
Eternity encompass'd in its ray !
And all the wandering wishes of his soul,
Each restless sigh that bids his bosom heave,
All, shows him as a dawn to magnitude
With which his mind is pregnant ; though infant
Th' heirship of heaven is pourtray'd in his look,
And shines as glorious halo round his head.
Ah ! I had dreams, in early youth, of all
That 's soft and sweet, within the human breast ;

And I have thought on God and man with that
Enclos'd within the bosom of my soul,
That seemed like heavenly melodies of joy !
I 've thought myself th' exil'd from happier realms,
The pilgrim daily travelling towards home,
And pilgrim sent by father's hand, with all
To render light the toils of pilgrimage.
Tenderness, love, and hope to cheer the way.
These thoughts have with my girlish reveries,
So blended with the future's hope-gilt hues,
That e'en if visionary, I have sipped
Of joys's most fragrant sweets. And, memory
kind
Illustrates her records with all the scenes
That passed within my mind. Oh ! when the sky
Has cloudless bent its splendid canopy

Above the plains of earth, all joyful clad
With undulating robe of jasper hue ;
I 've felt my heart swell high within my breast,
Swell as if cherub's wings were caged within,
And love, and God, wooed them beyond their
bounds.

Words then were cold, but music I did love,
Love with the passion of my soul ! I 've hung
Upon the poesy of sounds, with that
So softly fond, so far from earth uprais'd,
That I have deemed my spirit ranged in realms
Where Heavens King, sits on his throne divine.

Who ere has spoke the bosom's hallow'd dreams,
The great, great, thoughts of wide futurity,
With those of bliss, religiously fond,

That wing their hope, far, high, on love and God ?

Oh ! they 're unutter'd : and they dwell within

Bodyless seraphs of the mind. Music,

And music alone, with all its powers great,

To speak the passions of the soul, can tell

The tale of love ; and solemn in its sweets,

Vast, rich, with mental eloquence, still more !

'T will breathe celestial immortality.

Oh ! I have felt it, felt it in that dream

Without the sleep that makes it all untrue.

'T was in those hours of early reverie

That haunt the maiden's breast, when every
thought,

For one unknown, yet even then belov'd,

'Twines fond and true around this future guide.

And, when I 've mused on love, and one belov'd,

Its luxury of pleasure, I have deemed
That prayer winged to eternity with him
In whom each hope, each joy, with heaven, alone
Is blended.—Oh ! those fathom'd scenes of life,
Brilliant in hue and by the future tinged,
As verdant hills with radiant sun-beams light,
They, once, were deep within my soul. But now,
The lonely, solitary one, I muse,
A living wreck of all my tombed self;
True, the great thought of immortality
Still gilds my bosom's dreams, but the cold world,
With all its selfishness, as freezing blast,
Has killed within the garden of my soul
Each fragrant flower : and selfish too became,
I ruminate within a woe-worn mind,
Past hours of care ; while swift the present glides,

**Away ! away ! oh to that swiftest stream !
Oh ! to that deep, boundless, and unfathom'd
Eternity ! what 's all the boasted height
Of human thought ?**

HOURS OF REVERIE.



PART V.

HOURS OF REVERIE.

PART V.

The sky is lowering as the brow of one
Gigantic, wrought to dark and furious ire ;
The deep green wave, unting'd by sun beam's hue,
In dingy gloom slow winding to the shore,
Seems as a serpent huge of circling length,
In undulating pace stepless t' advance,
With curling crest of snowy spray uprais'd.
Conspicuous now, the distant sail unfurl'd,

Far, wafted o'er a sable realm, it comes
In colours bright ; not so when sun gilt
Is th' oceans humid brow, a distant dot,
A speck, it bounds o'er waves of heavenly hue,
By contrast, dun to every hill and dell,
Of gem-like lustre, formed by th' ebbing main.
All on the creeky shore is hushed to rest,
And but just moans th' expiring floats upon
The stony bosom'd rock : a calm pervades
The cloudy curtain'd earth ; creation, hushed,
In silent awe, awaits the coming storm.
It comes not with a giant's step, but since
Slowly the distant east through vapoury veil
Dimly foretold the morn, the sleepy winds
Have lulled themselves to rest, and sighless in
Their hidden caves repose. Cloud after cloud

Has weary, crept along to join yon mass
Of anger beding look : such, in the breast
Of dire revenge, each slight offence does add
Its angry cloud to all the gathering storm.
But now the distant mass, advancing fast,
Seems, with the rumbling of the thunder's roll,
As th' onward coming car of God in ire,
Quick travelling through the air.

Ah!

I've watched the tempest come and go, and seen
The dark waves roll in mountains to the shore ;
But what in that ? the strife of elements,
The noisy din of winds and thunder's roar,
And the loud voice of cataract that falls,
Headlong, within the entrails of the earth.

All those are scenes well suited to the mind
In passion's wayward hour; they fill the void,
The nothingness, that seems to dwell around;
For the wide world, has naught of sympathy;
And stormy winds, and tossing waves, do seem
As friends congenial to the woe worn soul.
But now, that all is calm within my breast,
That I have felt my share of inward strife,
And, turned to realms of wider flight, my mind
Seeks refuge in the bosom of my God.
The frowning tempest with its glance of fire
Is now, no more the pictur'd metaphor,
To paint mine inward dreams.—My mind grows
weak :
I've tasted joy and woe, until they've lost
All taste unto the palate of my soul.

I 've sicken'd o'er my own delights, and drank
Th' absinthiated cup of woe, until
Its very bitterness had no more power.
I 've felt the fleeting hours lag wearily,
My soul has known no rest within her cage,
But peaceless, dashed herself against its bars,
As freedom, loving bird, until o'ercome,
With bloody breast it fell.—And what of that?
My heart is dull, but nought of keen felt woe
Is there, and all my cares are far gone by:
The world I 've hated, hated in that hour
I should have loved!—I 've loathed the very
 smile
That shone with seeming love upon my look;
Suspicion, like an hidden fiend, has stolen
Within my very soul,—within my soul!

That, like the joyful, soaring lark, once rose
On rapture's wing, at sound of sweet toned lyre ;
But that soon passed, for dreams of love and joy,
Can only live where lurking thought dwells not.
Thought seeks, reveals, the mechanism of deeds,
The hidden springs that move the restless throng,
And joyless truths arrive ; we loath them, yet
Eager of its own misery, the mind
With keen glance hurries on : illusion flies,
Ungrateful guest, alas ! to ne'er return
And lull again the heart she sang to rest
With her soft lullaby : deceive she did,
But who has not prefer'd her smile, though false,
To th' iron frown of truth : for truth's the word,
The sound we utter forth t' express that hour
Of bitterness that comes, when falls the veil

Of golden tissue, spread o'er human things. . .

Alas ! for dreams and fancies wild as mine !

To think, to feel, and hurry o'er life's page

In search of some grand scene that pictures forth

The glorious child of an immortal God,

The glorious king of Eden's lovely bowers,

And only find ;——why still a glorious thing,

But not that early, magnificent sketch

By fancy's master pencil wrought. Ah ! why ?

I 've nursed that fairy power within, until

She has the reins, that reason should have held,

And the wild steeds to thought's light chariot

chained,

Have had their will of restlessness fulfill'd :

Away ! away ! no curb to stay their course,

But, more, the wayward magician,
More fleet in thought, still urge them on—away !
The mind, that active poesy within,
So great, so full a source of human joy !
Alas ! outwears itself : to watch the heart
Depart from youth, is much as lingering, on
The spot where one belov'd did say, “ adieu ! ”
How fast space spreads between ! and yet, we see
And mark the step, the well known image still
The eye pursues, but fainter, weaker, grown
At last, to one dim shape, 'tis more in thought
Than sight the vision dwells. With memory, true,
The heart's own telescope, the distant scene
Once more appears as if 't were still as near :
But memory, as another fancy, is
Short in her spell ; when falls the telescope,

The void around, the lifeless, silent void,
Heaves with a weary sigh the lonely breast.

From whence all this? Oh! nurse the babe with
songs

Of Heaven and God; Oh! guide t' immortal worlds

His soul and love; by deeds and precepts tell,

That, banish'd from much purer realms, he's come,

An instant come, to share the ills to which

All human things are doomed: speak not of bliss,

But as the beam of aster ever crossed

By many clouds, huge in their sable crowd!

Ay, dark, and ever driven by stormy blast,

Just such as hurries forth man's bark upon

Life's troubled wave. Then gentler strain pursue,

Feed hope with joys that dwell beyond the grave,

Joys promis'd by th' Eternal One above.

Now loudly, o'er my dreaming brow, the storm
Has like a mighty giant strode along !
And o'er yon hills, as weary of the strife
And lulled to rest, is heard the thunder's snore.
Oh ! nature, in her very hour of woe,
Is fair and great, and fluent in her lay
Of one on high. I 've listen'd to her song
When night has cast her sable curtains round,
And, risen from their rest, the rushing winds
Have hurried o'er the wave : and where to fly ?
The spirit's wandering dream, would fainly deem,
From hidden realms they came to hasten forth
In wide Eternity. And, as the light zephyrs
Have whisper'd when the rosy morn appear'd,

Again I've heard, though in a lighter mood,
Her soften'd lyre ; and then, as in her hour
Of deep and graver thought, each sound has been
Imbib'd in love and praise, of him who formed
Her glorious brow, so gorgeous and so fair.

HOURS OF REVERIE.



PART VI.

ALL THE ABOVE

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1000

HOURS OF REVERIE.

PART VI.

**I know not; but my pulse beats quicker now
Than e'er it has 'mong all my feverish dreams;
My heart, my void and sicken'd heart, resumes
It's restless, weary throb: my mind's awake
And in me on the watch: with ardent gaze,
As speculating fiend, 'tis keen, intent,
On all my feelings as they pass and reel
Within my breast. O heavens! the past returns,**

And every thought which took its birth therein,
Is mingling 'mong the chequer'd throng : I see
My hours of woe, the transient madness of
My thrill of bliss, all blended in within,
And my head burns, and aches ; yet there 's in
that

Naught that abates the inward strife of thought,
I think,—I think, and from my heart springs flow,
A thousand streams, since long I 'd deemed all
scorched,

Or wasted in their thoughtless course upon
The thirsty sands on which they wildly flowed.
Ay, my heart's core was full of all that mars
That quiet peace, the quiet taste below :
My soul did yearn for bright and brilliant things,
And, palpitating with her dream of bliss,

O'er life's dark wave in fairy bark did launch,
Away! oh! when a babe, a child, I'd visions too,
Visions far sweeter than my girlhood's dream,
For they were of the God that watched and kept
An eye of love around my childhood's haunts.
But oh! the heart, the vain or selfish heart
Of man or woman in their riper hour,
When all within, without, glows with the joy,
The power of seeming greatness framed in self,
Becomes ingrate! the clear, keen thought, that
burns
Beneath th' unruff'd brow, is one that's full
Of daringness and pride: and, the heart's tide then
Is tost and bubbling, as a mighty sea,
Great, in its very restless energy!
Great, though destructive in its wayward rush,

And to a stony rock, each radiant float
Is urged, alas ! to moan, to break, and die !

Great God, forgive !——but how I've erred and
sought

For other joys than those thou woo'st me to,
My night's dream, and my morning thought, have
been

Luxuriant climbers around a frail reed,
When thou, as lofty cedar from the brow
Of its own native mount, as giant raised,
Did'st stand, a glorious prop that would have borne
The frail plant on thy vigorous trunk, that ne'er
In roughest gale did bend. Great God, forgive !
Thy bosom would have calmed my feverish head,
And oft my better self has rested there,

But each wild inmate of the human breast,
Has in me had a voice ; deluded, I
Have listen'd and have thought happiness dwelt
Where it was not. I've watched thy glorious stars
When my heart throbbed and ached——ached not
with woe,

But with the shock of much contending thought,
With many feelings undefin'd, a pain
Arising from a spring unknown, as if

'T were a part of life's essence thus to sigh !

Ay, with the fluent gems of yon dark skies,
Star-studded by thine own great hand, I've watched
O'er the still slumbers of this earth, and deemed
My heart glowed with some great, unutter'd thought
That beamed expressive, in their radiant gaze :

Albeit, my soul still felt a restlessness,
Yet my converse with thy beauteous works
Has given me transient peace. But peace I've
loathed ;
The calm, the quiet, I've looked on with a smile
That both partook of bitterness and scorn ;
They err not, true, but oh ! to me, their brow
Is the heartless throne of cold indifference ;
Their grief is not empasion'd in its 'plaint,
Their love is quiet as an infant's sleep,
Ay, it knows not those long and weary hours,
That, as they pass, bring much unto the heart
Like care and woe, but still that leave their charm ;
So with a deep wrought power possess, that those
Who once have drank its goblet, thirst for more.
So true it is that woe was made a draught

On purpose for the palate of man's soul,
That we loath not, so much as oft is deemed,
Its bitterness ; and the same power that gives
A charm to gloom, and to the dangerous sport,
More pleasure of high relish than pursuits
Where all is smooth and dangerless, can give
A melancholy pleasure to that hour,
When raven-like, the soul o'er care's abyss
Hovers and feeds on human miseries.
But God forgive ! for those may be wild thoughts,
Arising from a mind that can think now
But little. I've analyz'd and watched my heart
Till my mind's eye hath grown weak in its sight,
And all is dim. I've sinned,——presumption,
pride,

Have led my soul astray, but in themselves
They 've borne their punishment, for they are
 guests
That prey upon the heart, and gnaw the core
In which they formed their nest. My heart was
 full
Of tenderness and love, and thou didst claim
Much of its loving powers. But I 've bestow'd,
Profusely, lavishly bestow'd, its care
O'er things and dreams of earth : for fancy decked
Its many hills, and softly bended skies,
With fairy dreams of all that 's blithe and sweet.
But that is past, 'tis shrouded in my heart,
Ay, dead and motionless, as yon dark rock,
On which the waves do strangely moan and break,
E'en as my thoughts do fall and murmur, on

The early tomb of all my cherish'd hopes.
But this is selfish, and I'd fain become
More wise and passionless than I have been.
The world,—the gay, the thoughtless, heartless
throng,
Mine egotism would shun ; but I have prayed,
Much prayed, and I 'll exile myself again
Into the wilderness of men, for, there,
Thou pointest still that for my heart, remain
Some duties to perform : though 'tis a void,
A waste to me, more lone and solitary
Than this wild coast, where naught of sound is
heard,
But the waves murmur, or the sea fowl's shriek ;
For fancy, though we deem her fires quenched,

Doth nourish in the back ground of her thought,
A vision, for the lonely heart of one,
Though far away, and e'en unknown, that lives
Th' embodied image of those things the heart
Must ever love and cherish in within.
But in the multitude that vision flies,
For there, with truth's cold rigour, frowns a throng
Who give the lie to fancy's splendid dream:
And the soul sickens, thus to be alone
Amid a host of beings of same birth,
Round whom she 'd fainly twine with all her love.
That solitude 's without a spell, while this,
With its star-studded skies, o'er the great deep
So magnificent in their gracious bend,
Its rock dark bosom'd, and its shore peopled
With tall furs, who, in stately grace, do bow

And mock the soft wave in its melody,
Is full of many minstrels to my soul,
Who sing and soothe in their wild lullaby.

But still I will away ; for I have sought
To hear the voice of truth, with wisdom's curb
I fain would stay, the wild steed of my thought.
I fled a world I loathed, but solitude,
Though oft 'tis deemed, the nurse of hate is not.
My mind e'er was a restless, wayward thing ;
Perchance, it 's still the same ; but I do see
Myself and others in a truer light,
And o'er the ruin of degraded man,
Once such a dark and piteous sight, on which
My soul, with bitterest feelings, e'er would dwell,

Now plays a sunbeam ; and with glorious hues
The dark stone of the fallen pyramid is tinged.

Well, thou my father and the mighty God,
Whose eye reviews the inward thoughts of man,
With that same placid gaze, as yon still moon,
So tranquil shining o'er those tossing waves ;
Be thou my great and mighty prop, be thou
The future star and guide of my lone bark
O'er this the stormy ocean of my life ;
And I will fill my bosom's void with love,
Ay, love immortal, as thy glorious name !
I 'll quench this thirsty lip at thine own source,
I 'll feed this famish'd heart with food from thee,
And lie me down in peace to take my rest,
When thou, O Lord ! wilt call, wilt bid me come,

**And, dove-like pinion'd, on her new-born wing,
My soul, with joy, will raise herself, at last,
No more exil'd, to her own native skies.**

HOURS OF REVERIE.



CONCLUSION.

HOURS OF REVERIE.

CONCLUSION.

A pale, a dreaming girl, she wander'd forth
Amid the whirl and noise of human things ;
Her woes unutter'd, but a world of thought
Beaming within her keen, deep, searching eye.
She smiled not, frowned not, and her brow was
calm,
Though much of gone-by storms was written there.
Her lip was quiet, but its shape belied

The rest in which it usually was closed ;
'T was soft and delicate, and may 've been termed
Childlike, almost, in its small lineaments :
But who had watched what played around its bend,
Felt many things lie buried in her breast
Of which it gave intimate, but no more.
Her eye, if framed beneath some hoary locks,
Would have been feared and shuned, but few
Deemed that its youthful glance at first sight
scanned,
Through the dark mizmaze of their heart, and saw
How oft the eye belied the spoken thought.
And she did mark, and think, and think again ;
Her mind, toyed with the various features of
The masked manners of this our world's wide stage,
And man the great tormentor of himself,

The great and glorious theme of her young dream,
At last she knew to be—the thing man is !
Sad knowledge ! to all hearts too sadly taught !
Yet that all learn, must learn, and learn to weep !
Tall cypress, a dark shade it spreads around
The tomb of early hopes ; and 'neath its shade,
Down memory's urn the warm tears trickle fast.
For though our joys are sleeping in their bier,
That living bier, ay, man's own bosom's core ;
The soul to her lone chambers will retire,
Mourn o'er the grave-stone of her mouldering babes
And pillow into rest her feverish brow
On the cold marble of their tomb.

She thought,
And sought to curb her mind down to the calm.

Of quiet and content ; and many a woe
Of misery and pain, with bounteous hand,
She secretly reliev'd, while to the skies
She 'd point th' ambitious mind, and make it feel
That naught below could satisfy the soul
But hope of immortality : and 't was
The firm belief of her high soaring mind,
Though mighty storms had led her heart astray.

A few years past away—and on the spot
Where she ~~had~~ lived in solitude and thought,
The dark waves murmur'd still : and near the shore
A gentle hillock, in the verdant turf,
Rose and ~~was~~ crowned with a pale marble urn.
No name was traced, no date of month, or year,
But there reposed the one whose life did pass

In much of feeling, and still more of thought.
She slept the sleep that all must sleep ere long ;
At last was rent the chain that linked her soul ;
And, roving on celestial wing, in its own home,
The sweets of calm and peace at last enjoy'd.

HOURS OF REVERIE.



NOTES.

NOTES.

Hark ! that sighless quiet
Has it not speech, well chosen by a God ?

True, there is poetry, and eloquent poetry, in the high winds and melancholy murmur of the waves. We listen to them, and they seem to possess sympathy with that within, which is as the torrent's voice in the grotto of the soul ; the deep, deep, current of feeling that, ever restless, flows in the human breast. But listen to calm, midnight, star-studded midnight's voiceless calm, and no earthly feelings will awaken, but awe will pervade the mind, and God's whisper will

reach through the immensity of space. There is something so great in silence, and so closely linked is the idea of peace to the passionateless magnitude of Divinity's repose, that, I think, nothing in nature impresses us with a more vest idea of the one Immortal, than the still, wind-hushed hour of night, with the pale lustre of her crescent gem in all its fluent beauty placed on her sable brow. The pagans had a God of silence, but the attitude in which it was represented, conveyed not the idea of the silence here meant: the finger on the lip said, "breathe not the secret of thy friend!" If it were possible to personify the silence I mean, it should seem to say, "Hark! that is the whisper of thy God!"

But solitude,
Though oft 'tis deemed, the nurse of hate is not.

I think, it is often a mistake to annex the idea of misan-

thorphy, with the solitary musings of a recluse. For my part, I would recommend solitude to a misanthrope, thinking it one of the surest means to win him back to society : surely the survey of the magnificent domain God has created for man, and the lonely converse of the soul, with all the great things that surround us, can but inspire elevated notions of the one for whom all those things were created : and then, in the many hours of thought, from which the mind of the solitary derives a more elevated tone, conscience will show that hatred is not wisdom ; particularly, as, by the manner in which I interpret the word misanthrope, I think it often becomes the appellation of minds endowed with the most noble feelings of humanity. The dictionary explains the word, “ a hater of mankind ; ” and from what little knowledge I have of the human heart, and of those having that character that I have met with during the course of my ex-

istence, short it is true, but in which the eye of observation has slept but little, I would explain it, the mourning lover of humanity: ay, the weeping, self-exiled, from the bosom of his love, because, alas! that loved one errs, and, fallen from the altar in his breast, the fondness of his soul is turned to hate. I begin to seek poetry and passion in the very bitterness of that man's smile; how bright, how full of love, truth, virtue, must have been the first dreams of his heart! how brilliant (though, it may be, far from reasonable: for there is one kind of reason that can be but the fruit of experience,) must have been his illusions! for the world to have offered such a bitter contrast to his own innate feelings, surely those were pure, almost divine. Often, then have I thought that none more than the youthful, gifted heart, was susceptible of misanthropy. When more advanced in life, we take things more quietly, and reconcile ourselves to what

we cannot alter, perhaps, because we become more accustomed to it, or else because we ourselves imperceptibly, in our intercourse with the world, take to some of those notions that once excited our disgust.

THE END.

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